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Korea, has a timely interest owing to the recent developments in that peninsula. Although collections of papers are, at best, unsatisfactory reading, "*China and the Far East*"* is an exception which proves this rule; its very discursiveness gives an added insight into the complexity of the Eastern problem.

FICTION.

WHEN in the preface to "*Major Barbara*" George Bernard Shaw spoke of "extraordinarily fresh, free and future piercing suggestions" which he derived from the works of one Samuel Butler, unknown to the many, it was merely a matter of time until there should be reprints of this author. Messrs. E. P. Dutton have now brought out an American edition and the book will doubtless be much read. Samuel Butler is not so much the forerunner of Bernard Shaw as he is the master of H. G. Wells. In "*The Way of All Flesh*"† there is a savage attack upon the old time-honored institution of the family and upon the hypocrisies of religion and respectability as these obtained in the middle of the last century. If the profession of the novelist is to register facts, to see and set down life as it is, then "*The Way of All Flesh*" is a remarkable novel, for it gives a vivid and full sense of life as it was lived about 1860. Doubtless it is somewhat mercilessly set down. There are two ways of viewing the meanness of human nature—one way is to see man as he is and yet love the contemptible creature for what good is in him as Meredith does in "*The Egoist*." The other is to deal in wholesale contempt, and this way is Butler's. The difference, after all, lies in the capacity of the beholder. The best of us are more or less ridiculous; the worst have our moments of heroism. The attitude of "great God to a black beetle" is a difficult one for a mere mortal to maintain long with dignity. The book, however, is as refreshing as was "*Tono-Bungay*" in its wealth of detail, fulness of life, verve and vitality. One turns from it with the sense of experience as one might from a three months' stay in a strange city. Its people, its customs,

* "*China and the Far East*." Edited by George H. Blakeslee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 1910.

† "*The Way of All Flesh*." By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

its faults and virtues, will hardly die utterly from our minds. One cannot but speculate how much the author owed to George Meredith's "Richard Feverel," for certainly the mistaken shelter and isolation of the hero's upbringing resulted in much the same way.

Miss Willcocks's "Wingless Victory" already gave her a place among the more serious and fully equipped novelists. "The Way Up,"* despite its unattractive title, helps to establish her standing. Her theme is that of capitalism *versus* organized labor, and her hero, Michael Strode, is one of those new adventurers into the field of social betterment. "Michael possessed the social sense, and every now and again, quick-winged like the lightning, there would come to him the perception of the unity of life." If he is well presented, by far the finest drawing in the book is that of the Rabelais in petticoats, his mother, a splendid type ably done. There is ample philosophy and perhaps overmuch epigram in the book. The epigrams are, however, good.

"If Bluebeard had given his wives a first-class funeral, instead of chopping their bodies up small, he might have died a highly respectable town councillor."

"If you don't give a man pleasure of one sort he'll only seek another. Believe me, it's only bestial pleasures against refined ones or, rather, stupid ones against brainy."

"She always reminds me of one of Balzac's good women—no good at all for want of a little vice, like an English cook's *bouillabaisse*, fish soup without the garlic."

The last remark is the mother's comment on the good woman, the helpmeet of the story. The author has only hinted at her doctrine that the woman who sacrifices her race instinct to personal development and self-fulfilment misses the best of life. To be sure, she lets Elise go down the stream, but she leaves us insecure as to Philippa's ultimate happiness. It may be the last sacrifice of the good woman who is true to her race instinct that she cannot even be interesting in a novel.

We have had three great New England story-writers. Mary Wilkins Freeman has untutored genius, but never acquired

* "The Way Up." By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.